

In My Dreams by wiredeyes

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Summary:

It was not uncommon for Jane Hopper to dream of the wild red Maxine Mayfield.

In My Dreams

It was not uncommon for Jane Hopper to dream of the wild red Maxine Mayfield.

Though never on purpose, the curly haired girl often found that when she closed her eyes, the self-proclaimed 'Zoomer' would be there.

While Jane's dreams contained bubbly laughter and honey smiles, real life provided a much rougher truth. Max and Jane did not get along. Since they first met, Jane has been cold towards the girl and strong headed Maxine reciprocated the same coldness.

Jane would glare at Max from the couch during their campaigns, and Max would return with a look that could make the strongest man fall. The last thing Jane would have expected was a crying Max knocking on her cabin door at 10 pm.

Jane unlatched the many iron looks on the rickety wooden door, and pulled it open, coming face to face with the sobbing girl. Her shoulders shook with each sob, and her hands were bloodstained and pressed against her bleeding forehead.

"Jane..." Max croaked, red hair caught in the sticky liquid coming from Max's face.

Jane's eyes widened, but she quickly snapped out of her shock, pulling Maxine inside.

She led the injured girl to the beaten up sofa in the center of the cabin and laid her down, adjusting some pillow so they would prop up Max's head.

Jane rushed to the small, worn bathroom and fished for the first-aid kit. Her hands grazed the plastic, and Jane pulled it out, hurrying back to Max without even shutting the cabinet.

Jane kneeled in front of the sofa, and hesitantly brushed the ginger locks out of Max's face then began examining the injury. It wasn't too big or deep, but head injuries tend to bleed excessively. Jane was

worried about the effects blood loss would have on the girl.

“What happened?” Jane asked, pressing a cloth against the wound.

“Billy.” Was all Max said, but Jane understood. She moved her free hand towards Max’s and felt the injured girl’s calloused fingers grasp Jane’s small hand.

One the bleeding had begun to slow, Jane rubbed some Neosporin on the cut, and unrolled the bandages. Then, letting go of Max’s hand, Jane began winding the material around Max’s head.

Once satisfied, Jane placed a soft and gentle kiss on Max’s forehead.

Jane stood up and extended her hand. Max took it, and Jane lead them to her bedroom where she then pulled open her dresser drawer in the corner of the wooden room and grabbed a faded t-shirt, which she handed to Max, who slid off her bloodstained clothing and slipped the shirt on.

Jane moved to the bed, and pulled the covers down, gesturing for Max to get on the bed. Jane then followed the girl and pulled the thick patchwork covers over both of them. Max muttered ‘Thank you’ and grabbed Jane’s hand, then drifted to sleep. Jane laid awake for a moment, looking at the girl.

Max looked peaceful. Her peach-colored lips were slightly parted, and her chest rose and fell with her breathing. A few strands of red hair fell over her pink, freckled cheeks. Jane smiled softly to herself and closed her eyes.

When Jane awoke, Maxine Mayfield was pressed so close against her, Jane could count every freckle that dusted her pale face. With her thumb, Jane reached over and brushed a stray eyelash off of the sleeping girl’s cheek.

Max Mayfield was no longer just a dream.

Author's Note:

the last fic i posted kinda sucked but im really happy with how this one turned out. i love elmax and i just

had to write something for the two of them!!